(Continued from Page Twelve)

The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Madame de Varnier seated herself in the shadow, so that she would not at once confront Helena as she entered. Her jeweled fingers touched her hair lightly; her pose suggested the languid indifference of a woman of the world who awaits the entrance of a caller. Mercy and tenderness and womanly pity were denied this beautiful animal at her birth. Or these divine qualities had been fiercely crushed by fanatic zeal.

I paced to and fro in an agony of rage and pity; and this Medusa followed my every movement with her cruel, mocking smile.

The woman whom I had hoped to save from suffering, yes, the woman I loved, was coming to this chamber of horror. She was coming, radiant with hope. Happiness awaited her, she thought—the caresses of a loved brother, repentant of his momentary folly. And, perhaps, her heart was beating high with gratitude to me—to the man who she thought had made this much wished-for reconciliation possible.

Black despair awaited her in the little oratory yonder. She was to be tortured with a dilemma as cruel as ever racked the heart of woman.

But her decision I could not doubt. I had a proud faith in this lady who had sent me into the lists to fight for her. When first I had seen her on the terrace of the hotel at Lucerne—it seemed ages ago, instead of days—I remembered how her clear gaze had thrilled me. The calm, unwavering look of her gray eyes was truth itself, I had thought. A lie was not possible for her—not even a lie to be spoken by another for her sake.

But with what abhorrence would she regard me! Had I not been drawn in the subtle web of this Circe's net, the dilemma at least would not exist for her. But if the dilemma did not exist, Sir Mortimer's dishonor would still be a terrible reality. After all, the curtain had not fallen yet. Helena and I were both puppets in the hands of capricious Fortune. It was she who held the balances; or, rather a just God whose wheels may turn slowly, but sooner or later He sees that justice is done.

I had left the door slightly ajar. It was pushed open with a brusque suddenness that startled. The servant must have known the tragedy that awaited the woman he was conducting here. With a Frenchman's love of the dramatic, he ushered her in with pompous ceremony, and stood waiting expectantly. As I closed the door roughly on him, Helena saw me. Madame de Varnier, seated in the shadow, she had not yet seen.

I scanned her face closely. I saw that not hope nor the expectancy of a happy meeting with her brother was her dominant emotion. Eager she was, but it was the eagerness of anxiety, and not of hope. Her quiet assurance came from courage and self-control. Her brother had disappeared mysteriously; Captain Forbes had been the victim of a trick; she had put her faith in one who was almost a stranger to her; and now she had ventured to the chateau alone. Even a man might have hesitated.

But when I stood before her, I was touched to see how she leaned on me, who had twice failed her.

"My brother?" she whispered.

Once before she had wrung from me the bitter truth. Now, as then, a certain courage came from her presence. Her own scorn of weakness and subterfuge supported me. I answered her simply, as I knew she would have me answer—the direct, stern truth:

"Your brother is dead, Miss Brett."

There followed a silence so intense that I could hear quite distinctly the river Aare beating against the chateau walls. With the curious irrelevance that comes so often in moments of tense anxiety I thought it strange that Captain Forbes had not given some sign of his presence in his prison during the past half hour. Helena leaned toward me, frowning slightly as if in perplexity.

"Dead, did you say? Not dead!"

I repeated the words; unconsciously I spoke a little louder. The scene seemed unreal, theatric. Again the irrelevant thought intruded, how, when a boy, I used to wonder if all the things that had hitherto happened in my life—all my existence—were not one long dream; a dream from which I should awake presently, to find myself living a life utterly different.

"It seems, sir," she faltered, "that your mission is always to bring bad tidings. It was only the other day you told me that the man who loved me had died. Now it is to tell me that the brother I loved so much is dead."

She smiled pitifully, a curiously twisted smile that expressed her suffering more than any tears. No reproaches could have troubled me as did that pathetic smile. I turned abruptly to Madame de Varnier, whom she had not yet seen. My rage and pity overcome my reason. I might have appealed to a heathen idol sitting in grotesque majesty in its temple of gloom with as little effect.

"You are a woman. You must have a woman's heart; you must feel some tenderness for others in their grief. You have told me that your life has been one of suffering; then have mercy for this girl who is suffering. You will not torture her further. You will leave to her the only comfort that remains for her, the proud memory of a brother who served his country with honor."

"It is for you to do that, monsieur." She spoke with assumed indifference, fingering the cross that hung from her neck.

"Mr. Haddon," said Helena proudly, "you will make no appeal to Madame de Varnier to spare me from suffering. Where is my brother? I suppose that there is no one here who will deny me my right to see him?"

The two women faced each other.

"Death is sometimes not the worst calamity that may befall one, madam."

At these ominous words Helena turned to me with a gesture of pain. Her courage faltered, though she fought for her control before the woman whom she hated so bitterly.

"Death is not the worst calamity?" She repeated the words slowly, as if seeking their hidden meaning. "Ah, this infamous woman, who dragged down my brother to disgrace when he lived, will not spare even his memory. She threatens to make his shame even more public than it is."

"Your champion has it in his power to prevent that," suggested Madame de Varnier softly.

"Your Brother Is Dead, Miss Brett."

Helena turned on her with horror.

"It is incredible that you should make traffic of a man's love."

"To me the love of a man like Sir Mortimer Brett would have been a glory, not a disgrace," returned the adventuress calmly. "But there was no love between Sir Mortimer Brett and myself in the sense you mean. Whatever feeling your brother had for me was controlled. Yes, and I tempted him. In that regard his honor is stainless."

Motionless, each looked into the other's eyes.

"And yet you said there is a calamity worse than death?" Helena questioned, torn between hope and fear.

"And I say it again. Dishonor is worse than death."

Helena turned to me, dazed and appealing, a trembling hand drawn slowly across her forehead.

"You are silent. What do those extraordinary words mean?"

I hesitated.

"It is said—this woman says—but it is false. Do not believe her," I cried desperately at length.

"He has not the courage to tell the truth," cried Madame de Varnier, walking slowly toward Helena, who shrank back. "Your brother is known to be guilty of taking bribes."

"You are right not to believe that, Mr. Haddon," she said scornfully, and sighed her relief.

"There are proofs to convince the most skeptical, even you," insisted her tormentor with savage emphasis.

"What you say is impossible. Where is my brother, Mr. Haddon?"

I pointed silently to the oratory. Helena turned to go thither, but Madame de Varnier barred her entrance.

"Ah, you are afraid!" she cried, standing at the door of the oratory with extended arms. "You dare not face the truth. Listen, madam; the proofs of your brother's guilt are not imaginary. They exist in his own writing. Not one signature which may be forged; there are whole pages. You listen now; you will tremble before I have finished. At present there is no one who has seen these proofs except myself. But dare to doubt me, to ignore these proofs, and they shall be for the whole world to read. Do you hear? I say for the whole world; and Russia would give me any sum I chose to ask for those papers. Do you hate me so much, and scorn me so bitterly, that you prefer to see your brother's name held up as a byword for Europe's contempt? You disdain to think it possible that my charge be true. Then what have you to fear? There is no one who can more surely identify your brother's writing than yourself. Which will you choose? It is for you to say. Will you consent to see these papers now, or am I to sell them to the embassies of Russia or Austria?"

The two women measured each other in a long silence. I watched the duel from the open window where I stood. Madame de Varnier's threat was a terrible one. It was the fierce pleading of a desperate and unscrupulous adventuress striving frantically to move the lofty trust of a sister in a brother's rectitude and honor. I had faith in the courage and nobility of soul of Helena. I believed that she would face shame and unhappiness with calm resolution. But I could not wonder that Madame de Varnier's menace made her hesitate.

The slow seconds passed, and still they faced each other in silence. That long silence seemed to me ominous. I suffered with Helena in the anguish of her decision.

To yield would be to doubt. But if she refused to yield, to doubt. And if this woman spoke the truth, and made good her threat— For herself she would endure everything rather than compromise with this betrayer of men's honor. But there was the mother to be thought of.

She had decided. She raised her hands slowly in a gesture that pathetically showed her submission. Madame de Varnier had conquered—so far.

"Do not think I doubt because I consent." She turned to where I stood. "But if this woman is sincere, and believes that these proofs exist, others will believe it too. There is no forgery so clever that I should not detect it. My brother's handwriting was peculiar. His honor must not be questioned because of a clever trick. Come, I will see those papers."

Madame de Varnier glided across the bare room and struck the heavy door of the little chamber she had already pointed out to me as containing the safe. To my surprise the door had not been locked. It opened ponderously, and I saw the gleam of the safe. She stood at the doorway and beckoned to Helena.

"Come, madam, or are you afraid to trust yourself in the room alone with me?"

"Has Mr. Haddon already seen these papers that he is not to come?"

"Mr. Haddon has seen copies of the original papers in the safe," returned Madame de Varnier in triumph. "He was so convinced of your brother's guilt that he destroyed these copies. You will not be surprised then if I refuse to trust him with the precious originals."

I attempted no expostulation. I knew the uselessness of that, and we had agreed that Helena was to decide for herself. I had faith enough in her not to doubt her ultimate decision.

"I will see these papers with you alone," said Helena quietly.

"And you will give me your word of honor that you will not follow the example of Mr. Haddon in attempting to destroy them?"

"My word of honor!" cried Helena with bitterness. "Would you believe that if you think my brother guilty of dishonor?"

"I should believe it," answered Madame de Varnier.

"Then I give it to you."

She walked to the room with a firm step, passing me where I stood.

"Be brave," I whispered. "Be on your guard. Refuse to believe that your brother is guilty, no matter what specious proofs this woman may show you. It is simply impossible that he be guilty."

"Why do you say that?" Her eyes were very wistful.

"Because," I looked at her steadily, "I know how impossible it would be for the sister."

"Your faith strengthens mine." She entered the room, passing by Madame de Varnier at the threshold.

"Au revoir, M. Coward!" the woman cried tauntingly, and the key turned in the door.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Coward!"

I heard a clock in the village strike the hour. It was six. The chateau walls cast a long shadow on the opposite bank of the river. The mountains in the far distance were purple and red in the evening light. The long day was coming swiftly to an end; and the night was mysterious with its promise of despair.

This tower of the three rooms! Two of these rooms held their tragedies. What if the third room had its tragedy likewise!

I struck sharply the door of that room in which Madame de Varnier had said that Captain Forbes was imprisoned. I listened; there was no answer. I called the name of the king's messenger aloud; still there was no answer. Soon the moon would rise, and its cold rays might fall on the lifeless body of Forbes; for if all were well, why should there be this ominous quiet?

The suspense was unendurable. I listened at the door of the room that concealed the two women. I heard the murmer of voices. That reassured me so far as Helena's safety was concerned; but it made me absolutely certain that Captain Forbes must have heard my voice if he were living, and in that room.

And when the two women came out?

I shrank from that coming with dread. I had told Helena to be brave, to ignore the evidence of her own sight. But I had been shaken in my own belief as to Sir Mortimer's innocence. Surely her faith would be greater than mine; but the evidence seemed so overwhelmingly against Sir Mortimer, if Sir Mortimer's letters and notes were genuine. At any rate the woman I loved must hold a bitter cup to her blanched lips; it must be emptied to the very dregs. Her suffering was inevitable, whether she believed her brother innocent or guilty.

I could not doubt that she would refuse to purchase the silence of Madame de Varnier at the cost of further dishonor, even though I were chiefly to bear that myself. But if she demanded that? Was I strong enough to resist her tears? I must be. My reason told me of the folly of Madame de Varnier's plan. But if I yielded weakly presently, and the ruse actually succeeded, I knew that the hypocrisy of the act would become more and more dreadful to Helena with the coming years. No; if in that supreme ecstacy of her agony she should entreat me, I must still refuse. I must decide for her, even though she thought my own cowardice responsible for that refusal.

Coward! How that word beat a devil's tattoo on my excited brain. It had been the keynote to all my suffering, and to all my joy. Willoughby had died uttering it; Helena had echoed it in thought; and Madame de Varnier had spoken it again and again in her fierce contempt during the past hour. Yes, it was the keynote of my suffering and my joy. It was the motif that obtruded again and again in the stormy music of these past hours. It was a baneful talisman, a watchword. Its letters seemed to have almost a magic potency. It was a countersign that opened for me the gates of paradise and hell.

A talisman! A watchword! A countersign! Suddenly I saw the word C-O-W-A-R-D written in flaming letters. They revolved furiously. They danced before my vision.

This was sheer madness—this impossible conjecture. I reasoned the unreasoning impulse to hope against hope. But the forlorn, desperate possibility fought obstinately for recognition. It held me with all the damning power of a hallucination.

And then suddenly it became a conviction. It was no longer an impossible hope, not even an intuition. It became an absolute belief, a certainty. And this was the reason for my belief:

Whenever Madame de Varnier had mentioned the safe she had called me coward.

C-O-W-A-R-D!

That was the combination of the safe.

At last a door opened. Helena made her way toward me with uncertain steps, her hands held out before her, as one groping in the dark. Her splendid fearlessness was gone. She looked at me with the wild eyes of a wounded animal vainly seeking a way of escape. As she reached my side her hands were still held out as if for protection. I grasped them firmly, but I did not speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A kiss on the lips is worth two on the hand.

Beyond Pardon.

"Why are you so violently indignant with that office holder?"

"Because," answered the boss, "I have reliable information that he has been grafting."

"But you surely ought to be able to forgive that."

"No, I can't. He grafted for himself instead of for me."

French Exports of Mistletoe.

Nearly 200 tons of mistletoe are annually exported from France to England, principally for use at weddings.

Hard to Do.

One of the hardest things for a husband to do is to arrange it so that the nights he comes home late to supper his wife is also late in getting it ready. If this were possible, a great deal of unpleasant conversation would be spared.—Detroit Free Press.

Daily Thought.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

This Queer World.

And the mystery still lingers—why is it necessary to salt a fish caught in the salt ocean? A sea bass caught off Seabright requires just as much salt in the seasoning as a black bass caught in the saltless waters of Lake Erie.—New York Press.

Pay Up.

If your bills are correct, pay them promptly and pleasantly, and people will respect you. Try this method and note the results.—The Oklahoman.

Up to Date in Agriculture.

However conservative the farmer is about his politics and his religion and his views on morality, he has rid himself of most of his old-time fixed ideas about agriculture and is leading the professional state experimentalists in the search for new methods.—Toledo Blade.

Statistics of London Fires.

In London more fires occur on Saturday than on any other day of the week, and more in August and December than in any other months.

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor. 375 Twenty-fourth Street.

THE CALL OF THE NEW YEAR.

(By William Herbert Hudnut.)

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a burden to bear,
There's a grief to share,
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight,
There's a wrong to right,
There's a God who blesses the good with might—
So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a work to do,
There's a world to make new,
There's a call for men who are brave and true—
On! on with a song!

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a years of grace,
There's a God to face,
There's another heat in the great world race—
Speed! speed with a song!

THE GOOD OF UNIONS.

The question is often asked: "Of what good is the Union, and what reason is there for its existence?"

There would be no reason or excuse for the existence of the Union if all men were honest—if the golden rule were observed; but such is not the case. Because many men are full of cupidity, avariciousness and selfishness, they have endeavored to force the employe to work for a bare existence, under unsanitary and dangerous conditions, and long hours. In order to lessen these perils and to secure a more equal share of the wealth created, the union was formed. It seems to be the idea of some that all the union is for is to cause trouble through strikes and other means. The unions do not want strikes or trouble of any kind. It is only when pressed to the last extremity to maintain its existence and that of its members, and when all peacable means have been exhausted that strike is instituted. This, and one other phase, namely; the securing of better wages, shorter work day, better working conditions and recognition as an industrial force, are about all that the public generally sees of the union.

There is another phase of unionism, however, which is of great importance and of which the public knows but little, from the fact that it is not paraded before the people. The union teaches better citizenship, better morals, greater intellectuality, thrift and economy among its members. It cares for its members in sickness and distress, disseminating hundreds of thousands of dollars for this purpose every year. It has spent and is spending millions of dollars in erecting hospitals and asylums for the old and worn out members. It endeavors to keep the child in school, and to relieve women of the drudgery of factory life, and by doing this, it relieves the community of thousands of public charges every year, thus saving millions of dollars to the public treasury. These are only a few of the many things that the union is doing which entitle it to recognition as an economic force, and I feel confident that when the objects and aims of the union are really understood by the people generally, that there will be but little adverse criticism and more assistance rendered to it in working out the great problems it has undertaken for the general uplift of humany.—W. M. Piggott, in the Utah Labor and Railway Journal.

HOW THE EMPLOYER VIEWS HIS HIRE.

(By H. B. Moyer.)

In what light should the employer look upon his hire? This is a question which a large number of our modern-day employers would find it profitable to ponder over. It is pretty hard to say it, but the fact remains that the average employer in all lines of work looks upon his workmen just as he would on so many machines graded according to ability to grind out the almighty dollar, that he, the employer, might live on the fat of the land. And why, pray, should this be so? Is it not as Burns said, "A man is a man for a' that?" It matters not whether he be a hod-carrier, a laborer or what not—he is a man of the same flesh and blood as the so-called blue-blooded aristocrat whose chief occupation in life seems to be the making miserable of every other person with whom he comes in contact.

If there is anything which makes my blood boil it is the rot thrown forth by members of the "four hundred" in reference to what constitutes a gentleman and what constitutes the make-up of a lady.

Anarchy is beyond me, but I have the utmost contempt for anything connected with modern society, and take a great delight in saying so.

Not long ago while attending to my newspaper duties I had occasion to write up a suit for damages against a large machinery manufacturing concern. The suit was instituted by a little twelve-year-old girl who had suffered the loss of an eye through the negligence of the firm in safeguarding a machine which she was handling, engaged in doing some sort of shearing.

The lawyer for the defendant firm, in his address to the jury, took occasion to remark that the matter was not one of sympathy, but purely a business matter. The loss of her eye might disfigure her slightly, but the matter was not of as much consequence as if the girl was one who could even hope to some day take her place among society women.

Judging from the verdict ($5,000) the jury did not take to heart the remarks of the learned counsel, and I might add that I took great delight in polishing up my report on the case to practically suit myself.

If a wealthy man becomes injured he generally sues for triple the amount an ordinary workman would ask for. And why? Because he values his possibly worthless carcass as triple the value of that of the common flesh and blood human being.

The real human hearts are not found beneath silken vests laden down with tainted money. True hearts are found only, as a rule, among those who know life in all its bitterness. People who have never suffered cannot know the true meaning of genuine sympathy.

There have been occasions where men have been killed in a coal mine and work still ordered continued. "There are lots more men where they came from" is the heartless cry, and unless the men had a union to enforce their demands and protect them they were compelled to obey orders and continue work or lose their jobs.

How many times are poor, ignorant foreigners sent up to the very top of lofty blast furnaces to make repairs while the boiler plates are throbbing from the intense strain to which they are subjected? One can read of accidents from this source almost every day in Pittsburg.

"But what is the odds?" say the employers. "Of course, we hate to see any of our men getting hurt or killed—especially when labor is scarce, but then little things like that can not be avoided, so what is the use of worrying about it?"

Life is as sweet to the lowliest laborer as it is to the wealthiest snob in the world. But what, after all, is a man's life when compared with the financial welfare of those who already have practically all the wealth of the world at their feet?

The average employer is the most miserable being in the world when it comes to succoring those of his employes in distress. Past good work counts for naught. Cut off a man's earning power and you cut off all friendship on the part of Mr. Employer. Business is business, you know. A dollar is a dollar, and the dollar stands much higher in the average capitalist's estimation, every day in the week, than a human being's happiness or comfort.

THE JUDAS.

There never was an organization of any description, political, fraternal or religious, but in which there was found a Judas. Even the "Prince of Peace" found a Judas in the organization of the twelve apostles. So we find them in everything. No organization is perfect, and the more Judases that manage to creep in, the less perfect it becomes.

We find men today, as in times gone by, ready to betray or sell his brother to the enemy. As Judas Iscariot betrayed his master with a kiss, and sold him for the petty sum of thirty pieces of silver; though he had made long and loud professions of loyalty to him, and had proclaimed to the world that he would follow him to the ends of the world, defend and protect him, even to the laying down of his own life if need be; so we find men today in all classes of society and in all kinds of organizations, ready and willing to betray any trust or confidence placed in them, even for less reward than Judas received for his perfidy.

Again we find men so low and debased; so devoid of principle and self-respect, as to, by the basest deception, work their way into these societies for the express purpose of betraying the society's principles, in the hope of receiving therefor some paltry remuneration or for some selfish purpose, or for revenge of some sort. The "beast" in human form who will lend himself to such things is the most despicable creature on earth. He is worse than the road agent; the murderer or the purloiner of innocence, because he knows there is no law by which he can be punished, while the others are extremely liable to meet their just rewards.

Some have these Judases in the ranks of organized labor; and more than we think. We have, in times past, had leaders who have sold us to the enemy; others who have mismanaged affairs (whether willfully or because of lack of ability we will not attempt to say) to such an extent that it has greatly damaged our cause, and caused many to suffer, and many lesser lights who have willfully given away secrets and plans not yet matured, that would have given to us, in a measure, what was justly due us; and for what: to gain some selfish end, or the hope of a monetary reward, or the friendship of the enemy at the cost of the loss of self-respect and the ignominy of being known as a traitor. Verify the days of Benedict Arnold are not wholly past. And to such an one who would prove himself a traitor to the cause for which he has espoused; after you have done all the "dirty work" that your employer requires, and are of no more use to him, you are thrown aside as one not to be trusted; for if you have betrayed one, it is only reasonable to suppose that you might betray another, if the occasion arose. But, unlike Arnold, you might not be detected for some time; but the day of reckoning must just as surely come. Those who are acquainted with history know what an awful fate befell him; so you, after you have stultified yourself, brought disgrace upon your loved ones and have been cast aside by those for whom you have done all this, what have you gained? What has it profited you? How will you appear before the Great Judge? What defense will you be able to offer to the charge. Thou art a traitor—a Judas!

I take it that no one, upon sober reflection, who has the least particle of self-respect—who is, or, holds himself above the brute, would exchange the confidence, the esteem, the love and honor of his fellow-man for a few paltry dollars, or the promised exaltation by those who are the avowed enemies of the human race. Then look well before you leap. Think twice before you speak. For character once lost is difficult to redeem; a confidence once betrayed is hard to regain.

Every society or organization is compelled to carry more or less of this "dead weight." It takes a great deal of time and effort of the "true blue" ones, to counteract the wrong done by these "Judases," and people who want to find fault are too prone to judge the whole organization by the act of the Judas; and there are many ways of proving oneself a Judas. It is one thing to produce the outward evidence of good standing in the union (producing a paid-up card); the veriest traitors have carried "paid-up" union cards; for those cards are only evidence that the dues are paid. But the real evidence of the true union man is found in his every-day life—in his acts as he associates and commingles with his fellowmen. And it is exemplified more strongly in the small things rather than in the few great things that he may do—small things that go to make up his daily practice. A case in point has but recently come to our notice; where almost a score of men were disciplined for violating an obligation that we have all taken: "That we would purchase only strictly union-made goods whenever and wherever possible." These men snowed the "Judas" spirit by refusing or neglecting to patronize the union label when it was right before them. It is high-time that unionism began "house cleaning." Weed out the Judases that we may know our real status and strength. Great battles have been won by a mere handful of faithful soldiers; great feats have been performed because of confidence in the faithful servant; great successes have been achieved in all walks of life through the faithfulness of those in whom confidence had been placed.

MARXIAN DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from Page Twelve)

The man strips to the waist, if the place is normal. Most pits are "fiery" so far in. They are a mile and a half from the shaft now.

The boy stripped only to his shirt, joins his father.

"Get the bottom mandrill," says the man, holding his lamp to the coal. Its black face shines under the light—shines and smiles, in spite of the rough treatment awaiting it.

The collier throws a friendly glance at it. To him the coal is a good friend, who feeds the four or five children at home.

He scarcely ever thinks of the danberous tricks it will sometimes play.

The pick is swinging. The coal is pulled out of its comfortable bed. The boy and man are straining arms and body and legs, carrying huge black lumps to the car. It is filled.

The horse with a singing driver, comes down with an empty. Out goes the full one to the shaft bottom. Three or four times the process is repeated.

"Time for a bit of grub!" says the collier.

Father and son squat in the dust and eat the bread and cheese they have brought in their tin box. The drink is cold tea, without sugar, or oatmeal and water. The dust and heat make a man drink a half gallon a day. He would drink a cask of it, if he dared.

Two or three minutes' spell after "grub," then back to the face of the shining coal. Heat, dust and labor have made man and boy weary. No longer they work brilliantly. The sweat on their bodies is black and glittering as the lamplight flashes on them. Two or three more visits from the horse and the driver—who is now probably swearing instead of singing—until he suddenly says:

Answers.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

From the Sydney, Australia, "People."

No wage slave—no capital.

No capital—no wage slave.

What! do you propose to abolish capital?—We do. Do you know what capital is?—We do. Capital is wealth used to buy the bodies and brains of human beings.

What is freedom to a nation but freedom to (all) the individuals in it. —"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

There are no free nations and never were any, unless it might be far back in the dim antiquity of Gentilism.

In fact true freedom never before was possible; the means for its establishment had to be created before it could be.

Those means have been created, ay, down to the smallest pin; not merely for the construction of free nations, but something infinitely grander and nobler—the world-embracing Internation, the co-operative commonwealth. This will be the crowning work of the emancipated Thrall of the Ages, the working class.

Comrades and fellow workers, let us assume the dignity of our destiny—let it inspire us with an unquenchable zeal, with an unquenchable courage, with indomitable will to achieve the unity of the working class.

War cannot be prevented under capitalism because capitalism is war, i. e., aggression. There is no difference in principle between stealing the product of a man's labor under the protection of law and order, as the capitalist is continually doing, and the stealing of a country from its inhabitants under the protection of warships, guns and bayonets—they are both acts of aggression on humanity. There are only two ways of getting property, either to produce it by your own labor or acquire it from some one else.

Little Pitchers.

The angel-faced child of the house looked up ingenuously at the middle-aged young lady guest:

"Miss Passy," she cooed, "I heard Cousin Nell and Miss Flip talking about you this morning and Cousin Nell said you were wearing the willow for young Mr. Goodthing."

"What!" gasped Miss Passy.

"And are you wearing pussy willows, Miss Passy?" pursued the child-faced child.

"What!" shrilled Miss Passy.

"I thought maybe you were, because Miss Flipp said you were a cat."

Names of Type.

The names of different sizes of type in use are as follows, beginning with the smallest: Excelsior, brilliant, diamond, pearl, agate, nonpareil, minion, brevier, bourgeois, long primer, small pica and pica. A numerical designation is now generally used in America, pica being twelve points and excelsior three points.

Jap Company's Big Business.

The Nitsui Trading Company of Japan does a $100,000,000 business with Europe, Australia, America and Asia.